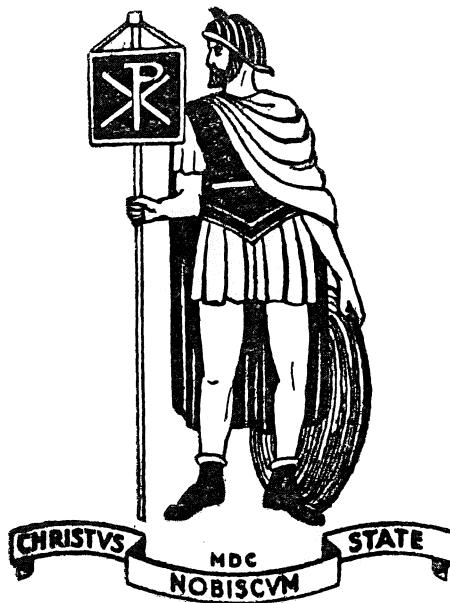


The

Leicester Grammar



School Record

December, 1957

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 118

DECEMBER, 1957

EDITOR : MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE :

Sale, Bailey, Lancaster, Jill Burford, Alison Jones, Gillian Clews,
Juliet Ross, Elizabeth Coveney.

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

*Apperley, P. M. (VI), 1950-57.
*Finnemore, M. F. (VI), 1950-57.
*Freeman, B. A. (VI), 1950-57.
*Harrison, M. J. (VI), 1950-57.
*James, M. C. (VI), 1950-57.
*Lewis, R. C. (VI), 1950-57.
*Lowe, M. B. (VI), 1950-57.
*Merris, B. R. (VI), 1950-57.
*Parker, R. B. (VI), 1950-57.
*Pinfield, N. J. (VI), 1950-57.
*Treadgold, A. J. (VI), 1950-57.
Bluck, R. J. (VA), 1952-57.
Burdett, P. (VA), 1952-57.
Chatwin, J. L. (VA), 1952-57.
Down, C. (VA), 1952-57.
Downie, G. G. (VA), 1952-57.
Edwards, K. M. (VA), 1952-57.
Gill, P. M. (VA), 1952-57.
Hartill, R. F. (VA), 1952-57.
Manning, M. (VA), 1952-57.
Pinfield, N. E. (VA), 1952-57.
Roberts, D. M. E. (VA), 1952-57.
Scott, M. (VA), 1952-57.
Sorrell, G. W. (VA), 1952-57.
Statham, J. A. (VA), 1952-57.
Sutor, M. B. (VA), 1952-57.
Woodhouse, S. J. (VA), 1952-57.

Austin, D. R. (VB), 1952-57.
Batchelor, M. A. (VB), 1952-57.
Bennet, S. J. (VB), 1952-57.
Cox, K. V. (VB), 1952-57.
Cund, P. M. (VB), 1952-57.
Dugmore, J. M. (VB), 1952-57.
Dyson, R. P. (VB), 1952-57.
East, A. (VB), 1952-57.
Feast, P. J. (VB), 1951-57.
Gray, L. (VB), 1952-57.
Gregory, E. (VB), 1952-57.
Hodgetts, D. J. (VB), 1952-57.
Langston, S. A. (VB), 1952-57.
Micklewright, M. J. (VB), 1952-57.
Morrall, F. A. (VB), 1952-57.
Morton, W. A. (VB), 1952-57.
Pardoe, H. (VB), 1952-57.
Savage, R. P. (VB), 1952-57.
Stewart, E. (VB), 1955-57.
White, B. J. (VB), 1952-57.
Banks, J. M. (IVA), 1953-57.
Jenkins, E. M. (IVA), 1953-57.
Harper, L. R. (IVB), 1953-57.
Pinder, S. J. (IIB), 1955-57.
Ward, J. B. (IIB), 1955-57.
Ward, R. B. (IIB), 1955-57.

* Prefect.

Omitted last term: Ridgewell, C. (IVB), 1953-57.

SALVETE

Baker, F. J. (IA).
Baker, H. J. (IA).
Barley, M. E. (IB).
Bates, L. A. (IB).
Bates, S. M. (IB).
Bettis, G. L. (IA).
Bott, M. C. (IA).
Bristow, M. A. (VI).
Colegate, E. A. (IA).
Colwell, G. S. (IB).
Cook, R. J. (IB).
Cooke, S. E. (IB).
Cooper, W. E. (IA).
Cox, H. A. (IA).
Cross, D. E. (IIB).
Day, K. J. (IA).
Devey, A. L. (IB).
Edwards, C. J. (IA).
Everitt, A. (IA).
Gardiner, C. E. (IB).
Gardner, E. N. F. (IA).
Graham, A. J. (IB).
Guillaume, R. C. (IIB).

Guise, R. D. (IA).
Gwynn, F. B. (IA).
Hatton, J. V. (IA).
Hedney, J. M. (IB).
Hudson, M. A. (IB).
Johnson, D. R. (IIB).
Jones, D. K. (VI).
Jones, P. (IA).
Keaney, P. E. (IB).
Lea, H. J. (IA).
Lewis, C. J. (IA).
Mahoney, K. M. (IA).
Marshall, L. A. P. (IA).
Michell, S. (IB).
Middleton, D. R. (IA).
Millett, S. H. (IB).
Moore, S. H. (IB).
Morris, R. J. (IB).
Nightingale, J. M. (IIA).
Oakes, R. A. J. (IB).
Oseland, A. (IA).
Palmer, V. L. (IB).
Parish, L. J. S. (IB).

Price, B. G. (IB).
Price, J. H. (IB).
Pugh, C. D. (IA).
Ranieri, M. E. (IB).
Read, B. A. (IA).
Renshaw, K. (IVA).
Ring, M. A. (IB).
Rock, M. J. (IA).
Rose, V. K. (IA).
Roth, L. C. (IB).
Scott, M. J. (IA).
Smith, M. J. (IB).
Smith, P. A. (IA).
Smith, S. E. (IB).
Strasser, K. M. (IA).
Summers, J. E. (IA).
Taylor, A. R. (IB).
Tidmarsh, J. B. (IB).
Waddington, M. J. (IB).
Wall, S. A. (IA).
Willoughby, R. (IA).
Wyatt, R. G. (IA).
Young, E. C. (IB).

There have been 342 pupils in attendance this term.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

PRESIDENT : J. Stewart.

TREASURER : Mrs. D. Taylor.

SECRETARY : C. Strain.

112, Hertford Road,

Alcester.

Summer Reunion

This gathering took place on Saturday, July 20th. The afternoon was devoted to a tennis tournament of which the winners were Valerie Baylis and Tony Dalrymple. At the short business meeting the treasurer's report showed the finances of the Guild to be in a very sound position, the credit balance (including stock in hand) being £119 7s. 4d.

At the evening meeting there were some sixty present, including members of the Staff and six Danish students who were visiting Alcester. P. Drew acted as M.C. for a programme of dancing and games which lasted until midnight. A buffet supper was served. During the course of proceedings a presentation was made to Miss J. Young on the occasion of her resignation from the Staff. The evening closed with "Auld Lang Syne" and the Grand Goodnight.

Winter Reunion

The Winter Reunion will be held on the evening of Saturday, December 21st.

Dances

Successful dances have been held during the autumn, one on Friday, September 13th, at Great Alne, the other at Bidford-on-Avon on Friday, November 15th.

Future Arrangements

The following dances are being arranged :—Friday, January 3rd, at the Hippodrome, Stratford-on-Avon, from 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m., with the Reg. Roberts' Orchestra. Tickets : 5s. single. Friday, February 14th : St. Valentine's dance at the Crawford Memorial Hall, Bidford-on-Avon, from 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m., with the Avon Players. Tuesday, April 8th : Easter dance at the Town Hall, Alcester, from 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Notice re Reunions

The committee wish to call the attention of members to the fact that quite a number of Old Scholars who accepted the invitation to the Summer Reunion failed to attend. As these had been catered for, the Guild was involved in a substantial loss on their account. This has happened for several years at the Summer Reunion, and the committee appeal to Old Scholars to try to avoid causing them such a loss.

BIRTHS

On June 19th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Pott (née Joan Hansell)—a son.

On September 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Walton—a daughter.

On September 10th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. Schad (née Vera Sachs)—a son.

On September 22nd, to Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bomford (née Joan Collins)—a son.

MARRIAGES

On June 29th, at Studley, Raymond Bryan to Sylvia R. Griffin (scholar 1946-51).

On August 17th, at Stratford-on-Avon, George Villiers Little to Gillian Morris (scholar 1947-50).

On August 31st, at Studley, Brian Osmond Smith to Jean Dorothy Frost (scholar 1948-52).

On September 7th, at Tanworth-in-Arden, David John English to Doreen Marjorie Dunnett (scholar 1946-53).

On September 7th, at Welford-on-Avon, Kenneth Dainton to Sheila Mary Taylor (scholar 1948-53).

On September 14th, at Shipston-on-Stour, Peter John Perkins (scholar 1946-51) to Iris Josephine Richardson.

On September 21st, at Bidford-on-Avon, Donald Walter Wood (scholar 1940-47) to Cicely Ada Hartwell (scholar 1944-50).

On October 12th, at Mappleborough Green, Derek James Sharpe (scholar 1947-51) to Diane Savory.

On November 9th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Kenneth Rock to Mary Burrows (scholar 1944-51).

On November 11th, at Manorbier, John Douglas William Davies (scholar 1946-51) to Mary Elizabeth Smith.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

In the cricket match against the School XI the Old Scholars were represented by : W. McCarthy, W. Hitchings, M. Malin, J. Holifield, E. Bamford, P. Drew, C. Buckley, H. Feast, T. Savage, P. Lane and A. Miller.

* * * *

On July 9th a tennis match was played against the Staff. The Old Scholars' team consisted of : W. McCarthy and Gillian Winspear; C. Buckley and Valerie Baylis; B. Nixon and Natalie Williams. The Staff team was : Mr. Petherbridge and Miss Norman; Mr. Tidmarsh and Miss Young; Mr. Packham and Miss Morris. The result was a victory for the Staff by seven sets to two.

* * * *

Among the new graduates of Birmingham University are : P. M. Gowers, B.Sc. (Electrical Engineering); M. J. Paxton, B.Sc. (Geography, with second-class honours); R. M. Bolt, B.A. (Geography, with second-class honours).

* * * *

R. Duxbury has passed the examination of the City and Guilds of London Institute in farm machinery operation and care.

* * * *

R. H. Arnold, who is a representative of a publishing firm in the U.S.A., spent a holiday in England during the summer and paid the School a visit on Sports Day.

Pearl Jephcott, who is Senior Research Officer at London School of Economics, has recently been appointed by the Minister of Education a member of the Central Advisory Council for Education.

* * *

P. W. Warner has been appointed headmaster of Moorfield County Primary School, Bridlington, a school of six hundred pupils.

* * *

Some time ago we received a long letter from W. A. Partridge, giving news of his work in India since his return from England last year. It is interesting to learn that in the intervals of a very busy life as bishop he finds the opportunity to spend some time in the garden, cultivating such crops as carrots, beet and tomatoes.

* * *

Mrs. K. Ore has lately returned from Vancouver, British Columbia, where she has been teaching Grade VI in a large elementary school. She has written a lengthy detailed account of her outward journey across Canada and of the various expeditions which she made to places of interest while living in Vancouver. Particularly interesting, however, is her account of her return journey, on which she covered some 14,000 miles, travelling down the west coast of the United States into Mexico, through Central America, the Caribbean Sea, Venezuela, and eventually via Spain back to England. From her description we are quoting part of her account of her time spent in Mexico . . . "From Los Angeles I flew to Mazatlan in Mexico, where I found myself among real country Mexicans who spoke no English and in a strange stone-built hotel on the sea-front. Four miles along the coast on a sandy beach I found a good hotel, built on American lines with rooms opening on to the beach. Swimming was grand, but the water was really too hot . . . I continued my journey to Guadalajara by local bus. This trip was through cactus country, and then, nearer the mountains, real tropical vegetation with banana plantations on the hill slopes. There were numbers of small villages with adobe huts and peasants tilling the land and living in very primitive conditions. Mexico is a country of great contrasts, riches and poverty, small huts and, in the larger cities, fabulous modern buildings, wide streets and garden squares . . . Mexico City, high up on a plateau, was most interesting, a huge mixture of ancient and modern. There were museums with many remains of the Aztecs, old churches and the Cathedral and Castle of Chapeltēpēc, once the home of Emperor Maximilian and Empress Carlota. The modern wide street, the Paseo de Reforma, with its huge monuments and fountains at intervals, was always full of interest, especially after the earthquake. This was a terrifying experience, and for days after the road was crowded with Mexicans looking up at their Monument of Independence—the huge golden angel on the top had fallen and was broken in pieces . . . The University, spread over an area of seven square miles, had many interesting buildings, many adorned with fantastic murals, a huge stadium and a large, modern swimming pool. Many delightful modern houses built among the heaps of lava and with beautiful rock gardens and swimming pools were the homes of lecturers . . ."

T. O. Bailey has been serving with the R.A.F. in Cyprus since early in the year. He has been trained as a tape-relay operator, and recently became a Senior Aircraftman.

* * * *

While Mrs. Ore was in Vancouver, she paid a visit to the lakeside home at Kelowna (500 miles from Vancouver) of Mrs. L. Lewis, whom some early old scholars will remember at school as Lily Gostling.

* * * *

Rhys Davies won the Welsh Marathon this year. Last year he was the winner of the 3,000 metres steeplechase, and also ran for Wales in the international cross-country championships in Belgium.

* * * *

J. D. Moizer, A.R.I.B.A., has been appointed senior architect to the Nuffield Foundation Trust in the Division for Architectural Studies, and liaison officer between the Division and the Building Research Station at Watford.

* * * *

Former pupils of the years 1912-34 will be sorry to hear of the death on October 23rd of Miss M. Wells, who was responsible for the teaching of music in the school during those years, and who gave such valuable assistance with school concerts.

HUMILIATION

On a typically sunny, breezy day in autumn, a small rectangle of linen fluttered on a clothes-line deep in the English countryside. The inhabitants of this region were happy and hitherto glowing with health, and the robust housewife, pegging out Monday's wash, was no exception.

The handkerchief was made of linen of the finest quality, Irish linen, perhaps, and had been in the possession of the daughter of the household for not more than a month. It was pure white, and its smooth material was enhanced by a border of delicate lace, a border evidently manufactured by the hands of a craftsman.

This handkerchief was more than a credit to its kind, and was revealed in all its glory when it was removed from the line and ironed carefully. Then, with equal care, it was placed in the cool protection of a drawer. Here it would rest, expectantly waiting for the day when it would be removed, perhaps to be sprinkled with perfume and put into a dainty hand-bag.

Alas, only too true is that old proverb: "Pride comes before a fall." A day did come when the sheltering drawer was suddenly pulled open, and a hot, trembling hand seized the soft linen folds, crumpling them nervously. That exquisite border was ruined by this unusually rough treatment, and the close weave of the material rapidly lost its lustre. Before long all that remained of a perfect specimen of a white linen handkerchief was a torn, forgotten, worn-out scrap of cloth, just a relic of that apparently invincible scourge—Asian 'flu.

JULIET ROSS (VA).

TAWNY

Tawny came to our family just before Easter when he was just a tiny baby lying snugly in a jacket. We named him Tawny after his species and he became the centre of attraction. Unable to feed himself, he was fed at all times of the day and night by different members of the family. Eggs and bread with warm milk were often on his menu, and he even had brandy when he was on the verge of collapse. He became stronger after every week and the soft, downy feathers were replaced by the strong, brown, broad and long wings. Brown feathers, flecked with black, dark-brown and white, replaced the down on his body. His eyes became larger, a deeper red, and stared wisely at everything. His diet now consisted of mice and rats and he was nearly full grown.

Then, one day, at dusk he was put on top of his outdoor cage and we hoped he would fly away to fend for himself. Suddenly he fluttered his wings and hovered above his cage. Then he soared into the evening sky. Our owl had flown.

MARIE PRICE (VA).

THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM

Since the war the growing number of cars on the roads has been an ever-increasing source of annoyance. Successive Ministers of Transport have made allegorical speeches about "stoppages in the bowels of the nation" with surprisingly little effect.

Before long it seems likely that main roads will become quite impassable, forcing drivers to forsake them for country lanes, and everyone knows what that means! The unwary driver, charging cheerfully along one of these death traps, will be very lucky if he fails to encounter a herd of cows, a broken-down van, a piece of unwieldy farm machinery, or about fifty-three other cars also avoiding the main roads.

Returning in despair to more frequented thoroughfares, he will eventually reach a round-about. At first sight the rules for circumnavigating roundabouts are simple. Turn to the left; give way to traffic coming from your left. How deceptive can rules be! Cars proceeding around one of these impediments are gradually forced towards the centre by the stream of cars coming from the left. When they reach their outlet, they are unable to escape and must go round once more. After circling the round-about for some minutes in ever-decreasing circles they may possibly escape.

The driver proceeds in a line of traffic, which goes more and more slowly and finally halts. Fourteen huge lorries emit more smoke than ever concealed the "Tirpitz". Up a long hill in front are cars, charabancs and lorries in quantity. An occasional idiot blows his horn insistently. Traffic going in the opposite direction comes along briskly, drivers beaming and making rude signs at the less fortunate. Then a slight movement is seen on the hill in front. Cars move from the summit and disappear. Horns cease to blow. Movement, however, does not reach our driver. Somewhere a learner cannot start. More hooting ensues. Drivers try

to overtake the waiting column and narrowly avoid becoming inextricably involved with the rears of charabancs.

At last the blockage is partially cleared and the line moves off again for perhaps eleven yards. Then the traffic lights about three-quarters of a mile ahead change again and everyone stops once more.

This is the situation. Such incidents as these occur all over the country dozens of times a day in the summer. What can be done about it?

New roads are obviously needed, large thoroughfares along which the suicidally-minded may proceed with impunity. In the summer cars should be allowed to enter large towns or places with narrow streets only if such places are their destination. Other cars must use by-passes, not the roundabout-plagued side-roads of today, but new wide roads as far from houses as possible.

Livestock should be kept clear of all roads. The shock of encountering an unexpected cow or goat around a corner is considerable, besides which such creatures are capable of inflicting damage on vehicles if provoked.

Bridges should be constructed in towns for pedestrians. The edges of the footpath should be fenced off so that bridges across the roads are the only means of crossing. In this way speed limits could be removed in many areas, except where road junctions make them desirable.

Horn-blowing should be checked and restricted. Few events, save perhaps meeting a mammoth or similar manifestation, so disturb the mental equilibrium of the learner-driver as having a queue of perhaps twelve cars, each with a potent horn, giving tongue because he happens to have stalled the engine.

If all these recommendations were carried out, and if besides only cross-eyed people with yellow hair over six feet tall and called either Timothy or Gertrude were allowed to possess cars, the traffic problem would cease to exist. But the footpaths, railways, air lines and omnibuses would have a real problem.

D. E. SALE (VIA).

MARKET DAY

For most of the week the small town of Sturminster Newton in Dorset is quiet and peaceful, but each Monday the town becomes alive and bustles with activity, as it fills with farmers from the surrounding countryside who have come to the town for the weekly cattle and general market.

I walked round the cattle market when I visited the town during the summer holidays, and found much that was of interest. I saw hens being unloaded and, squawking in protest, carried by their legs to the cages. Nearby were hutches of shy, timid rabbits, nibbling half-heartedly at cabbage leaves. I stood for a while and watched a sow and her litter of piglets being unloaded. The van was driven up a ramp with closed sides, and the pigs were roughly persuaded, with the aid of sticks,

into their enclosure. Across the yard were the sheep-pens, where frightened sheep huddled together, bleating in terror. While watching these I was startled by a loud bellow, and turned to see a huge, fierce-looking bull in a concrete pen nearby. The owner told me that this bull had turned on a farm labourer the week before, and it was only by chance that he had escaped being mauled to death. At that information I hastily moved away from that part of the yard.

I went into the auction shed, a big, barn-like building with tiered benches and a square enclosure in the centre for the animals which were being sold. It was some time before I could distinguish, through the haze of tobacco smoke, that most of the bidding was coming from a group of men surrounding the centre enclosure. They made their bids by a wink, or a grimace, or an inclination of the head, or even by snapping their fingers. This part of the market held my interest for a good deal of the morning.

Besides dealing in cattle and poultry, the market had a large shed where produce was laid out on stalls. The bidding had not yet begun, so I walked round, admiring the fine specimens of garden and dairy produce.

I next decided that I would go down to the market square until dinner time, and walk round the general market. As I entered the square I was greeted by a confused hubbub of voices. Stall-holders were shouting out their wares in strong Dorset voices, and customers were chatting and haggling over bargains. There was a great variety of stalls, some large, some small, most of them colourful, displaying a variety of goods. Old friends greeted each other, and the atmosphere of bustle and chatter was so friendly that, although I knew very few people, I felt at home, and it was with reluctance that I left the little market square to go for lunch.

It was late afternoon before I went out again, and I was amazed to find that the jostling, friendly crowd had disappeared. The square was quiet, and almost deserted, as the little town settled down to its quiet, leisurely way of life for another week.

ELIZABETH COVENEY (IV A).

A MEAL TO REMEMBER

On Friday my mother went to bed with a slight attack of 'flu, and I was set the task of looking after the house, or shall I say wrecking it, for the week-end.

The next day I got up at the crack of dawn eagerly looking forward to my day's housework. I was determined to show how clever I was at cooking dinner and began a thorough search of mother's cookery book for the most likely dish to show off my cooking abilities. Finally I chose Norwegian fruit soup, which seemed quite simple, followed by crimped skate au beurre noir, followed by oeuf à la neige.

When I had been shopping and had got the ingredients ready, I put the skate in a saucepan to cook. We only had half the things needed for the Norwegian fruit soup, but it looked all right, so I put that on the gas stove as well. The oeuf à la neige was quite simple to make, and I stood awhile and marvelled at my success.

The crimped skate and beurre noir were doing very well and so was the soup, and so I left them for a while to go up and see mother. I was in the middle of proudly telling her about the wonderful meal which she would soon be able to sample, when I smelt a queer smell downstairs.

I don't know how long I had been up there, but when I came down, the crimped skates had boiled over and were swimming in various places over the kitchen floor. The Norwegian soup seemed to have shrunk considerably, and the beurre noir was rather too noire and stuck all over the saucepan.

I began the long task of clearing up the mess, feeling very dejected, and then happened to glance on to the floor where I had carelessly left the sweet. My last hope was gone. Our dog had been in while I was out, and had made off with every scrap of the "oeuf à la neige".

Next day our menu consisted of tinned tomato soup, and tinned baked beans.

MARGARET LEES (IVB).

THE START OF THE HERRING SEASON

At the beginning of September our family went to Great Yarmouth for a week's holiday.

One afternoon as my father, brother and I were fishing at the docks we suddenly found the place crowded with workmen. As we were wondering where they had come from, a large trawler came up to the docks. As it stopped, a small crane began to unload the herrings, which had been packed in crushed ice, from out of the hold, three boxes at a time. By this time the dock was crowded with fish dealers, and from one of them we discovered that this was the first catch of the season. A few minutes after the unloading the herrings were all sold and were all being packed into lorries and vans or being taken to the railway station to be sent by rail to the towns.

Soon the docks were quiet again and we went back to our fishing. Some time afterwards a large group of trawlers came past us on their way out to sea. The herring season had begun.

PAMELA BROOKES (IIIA).

INTERVIEW WITH DAME MARGOT FONTEYN

One Easter holiday, when I was in London, I went to the theatre to see Sadlers Wells' ballet. They were dancing "Coppelia," with Margot Fonteyn dancing the lead Swanilda.

After the dance had ended I went back stage with some other girls to meet Dame Margot Fonteyn and ask for her autograph. After about

half an hour's wait we were led along a dark passage which ran under the stage. At the end of the passage was a door with a star on it. Our guide knocked on the door and then we went in. My first impression of the room was that everything seemed white. It was because of white ballet dresses hanging around the room. Margot Fonteyn was sitting in front of the dressing-table removing her makeup. When we entered she turned round and smiled. She was wearing a white tutu and pink ballet shoes.

At first we did not know what to say, but after a while we were talking quite freely about ourselves and, of course, ballet. Before we left she signed some photographs for us. These are a wonderful reminder of her. I think she was one of the nicest people I have ever met, and I am very lucky to have had the chance to meet her.

ROSEMARY FOLWELL (IIA).

THE PASSWORD OF A CITY

"ALLUMEZ VOS LANTERNES"

From the peace of a wide road, bordered by green hedges, and brilliantly white in the afternoon sunshine, the car suddenly plunged into a dark underground cavern. Six lines of vehicles, all exceeding fifty miles per hour in speed, combined to produce a thunderous echo. The car bounced along the subway, passing at intervals dimly-lighted wall lamps, and finally emerged into daylight again.

Now the landscape had changed, or rather, there was no landscape. Towering above me were huge, ugly blocks of flats (I learned later that these were very expensive apartments, but they certainly had most unattractive exteriors), the busy streets were lined with shops, and cafés overflowed onto every available square inch of pavement. On my right the river flowed by calmly, forming a sharp contrast with the waves of traffic which tore across its many ornamental bridges at a speed which seldom went below the average of seventy miles per hour.

Having left the car, I queued for a few minutes, obtained a ticket, queued again, and then found myself vainly endeavouring to keep my balance as the lift mounted to the second floor of that essentially ugly structure, the Eiffel Tower.

Even if one disregards the fact that its unsightliness was enhanced because the topmost part had been removed for repairs, it seems strange that such a thing was erected in a city renowned for its beauty.

However, there was one redeeming feature. The view which one obtained from it was really inspiring. The people walking in the gardens at the foot of the Tower looked like black beetles scurrying to and fro, and several buildings, which I later realised must be amongst the largest in the world, appeared to be the size of ordinary houses. What impressed me most was the number of spires and domes rising up into the blue sky.

I next visited the Hôtel des Invalides, a large building, gorgeously decorated, containing the tomb of Napoleon. The building also housed several museums, but there was no time for me to explore them.

A brief view of the Ecole Militaire, and I was en route for the Louvre. I was considerably annoyed when, having spent half an hour walking briskly alongside the building, I came to the main entrance, and read a polite little notice informing me that the Louvre was closed all day on Tuesdays.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon walking, as I had been advised that the best way to get to know a city was to walk in it. This, although tiring, is true, and I was able to see many famous places about which I had read so many times. I visited Notre Dame, and admired the stained-glass windows. Outside again, I went to some trouble to get a photograph which would be different from the usual ones. The disadvantage of this is that nobody now recognises the cathedral. I walked through a part of the Latin Quarter, and I was thrilled to see a group of students, dressed in true Bohemian style, seated on some steps leading down to the Seine, strumming away on guitars and singing lustily.

In the evening, I made the acquaintance of the Métro, which is much slower than our Underground, but equally stuffy. I then caught another train from the Gare Saint-Lazare, one of the largest stations in Paris. This took me nine miles into the suburbs, and I had dinner at Colombes within hearing of the local station.

As darkness fell, I returned to Paris by car. As we cruised along at a mere seventy-five miles per hour, I remember noticing the large number of floodlit buildings on the banks of the Seine. For some time the car climbed steeply, then finally stopped beside the huge Sacré-Coeur, which was fronted by a mass of steps. Turning away from the building, I looked out in wonderment over Paris. Thousands of lights sent up a rosy hue into the sky, and I realized for the second time that day that Paris is an enormous city.

For the next half-hour or so the car threaded along the narrow streets of Montmartre, which certainly lived up to its reputation. Night-clubs and cafés filled the pavements, and everywhere there was laughter and happiness. Singers could be heard, swaying the roadside audiences with their song. The atmosphere was jolly and friendly—as a car got stuck turning round one of the many difficult corners, people sprang from all sides to push and pull and to offer their advice to the driver.

I left this pleasant little district, motoring downhill for some time. At length the car passed along the city's most famous street, the Champs-Elysées, guarded by the Arc de Triomphe. This giant structure was in darkness, for its illuminations are turned off at a certain time, and it appeared black and forbidding. I sat in a café, watching the traffic stream past. The late hour brought no relaxation in speed. Then the car took me back again to Colombes, where I managed to snatch a short night's rest.

Early in the morning, after another train journey and long walk, I visited the Louvre. One could go there every day for three months, but one would still be unacquainted with all its treasures. What are perhaps the three most widely known works were conveniently placed near to one another, so that I was able to see the much publicised Mona Lisa and Vénus de Milo, and the infinitely more beautiful Victory of Samothrace. Several artists were copying some of the paintings, and these reproductions were remarkably good.

My stay in Paris was rapidly drawing to its close. At one-thirty I left the city, en route for Versailles, by way of a wide Autostrade, where car speeds were incalculable. The car passed through lovely countryside and many towns and cities during the afternoon. Unfortunately these were wasted on me. I slept.

I shall always remember my first visit to Paris, partly because I was able to visit so many wonderful places, and change some of my dreams into realities, partly because it was my first visit to a foreign capital. But my outstanding memory will always be the tremendous pace of everyday life there, and the terrifying speeds of the stream-lined cars.

GILLIAN CLEWS (VA).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Autumn Term opened on Tuesday, September 10th, and closes on Friday, December 20th.

* * * *

The head boy is Sale, and the head girl is Mary Thomas.

* * * *

The prefects are :—*Boys*: Sale, Rouse, Sheppard i, Bailey, Cotter, Dale, Herbert, Jenkins, Waring, Wilshaw; *Girls*: Mary Thomas, Janet Bullock, Jill Burford, Jean Cowper, Anne Harvey, Mary Norden, Alma Taylor, Sheila Wiles, Anita Bird, Diane Day, Josephine Holt, Alison Jones, Pat Latham, Sallie Poolton.

* * * *

The Sides captains are :—*Brownies*: Herbert, Mary Norden (games), Jean Cowper (arts and crafts); *Jackals*: Waring, Jill Burford (games), Sheila Wiles (arts and crafts); *Tomtits*: Rouse, Josephine Holt (games), Anne Harvey (arts and crafts).

* * * *

Games captains are :—*Football*: Rouse; *Hockey*: M. Norden; *Netball*: J. Burford.

* * * *

In the final of the tennis cup tournament, played on Tuesday, July 16th, Josephine Holt beat Muriel Lowe, 6-2, 6-3.

* * * *

In July a party of senior girls, with Miss Norman, attended a tennis tournament at Edgbaston.

On Friday, July 19th, a school party, organised by Mr. Petherbridge, paid a visit to the Claerwen Dam.

* * * *

The thanks of the School are extended to the donor (who wishes to remain anonymous) of a handsome silver cup to be awarded to the boy winning the Senior cross country race.

* * * *

On Tuesday, July 16th, the Staff and Sixth Form had a tennis evening; croquet, bowls and clock golf were organised for those not playing tennis. In the tennis match the teams were:—*Staff*: Mr. Thornton and Miss Evans; Mr. Petherbridge and Mrs. Tidmarsh; Mr. Benton and Miss Young; Mr. Packham and Miss Morris; Mr. Tidmarsh and Miss Britton. *Sixth Form*: Finnemore and A. Freeman; Pinfield and M. Lowe; Rouse and M. James; Merris and M. Harrison; Treadgold and J. Burford. The result was a victory for the Sixth Form by 127 games to 98.

* * * *

Athletic colours were awarded to Rouse and Edwina Gregory.

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The picture presented at the end of each term to the form with the neatest classroom was awarded to II A.

* * * *

This term we welcome to the Staff Miss M. Baird (to teach English), Mr. B. Seed (for boys' physical training), Miss P. Dakin (for girls' physical training), Miss S. Beauchamp (part-time, for music) and Mrs. Wain (part-time, for junior work).

* * * *

On Monday, November 4th, the High and Low Bailiffs of Alcester visited the School to present the winners of awards in the Cycling Proficiency tests with pennants and badges.

* * * *

On Wednesday, November 6th, talks were given to Forms VA and VB on careers by Youth Employment Officers.

* * * *

A fashion show, organised in conjunction with Simplicity Patterns, was held in the hall for girls of Form III and upwards on Friday, November 8th. A number of girls acted as models.

* * * *

The Musical Society has been revived this term under the control of Miss S. Beauchamp.

* * * *

On Saturday, November 9th, the French group of the Lower Sixth attended a production of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" at King's School, Worcester.

Half term was the week October 28th to November 1st.

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Medical inspection of a number of boys and girls was held in the latter half of term.

* * * *

We wish to express our thanks to the Jackson family and to Mr. Latham for their gifts of books to the library.

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The sale of poppies in the School for Earl Haig's Fund brought in the sum of £9 18s. 1d.

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During the first two weeks of October, the School suffered severely from the epidemic of "Asian 'flu"; for several days only about half of the pupils were present.

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The School Cadet Corps has discontinued its activities this term owing to lack of support.

SPORTS DAY, 1957

This year's Sports Day was Tuesday, July 23rd. It is interesting to record that this was the first time in the School's history that the Annual Sports have not taken place on a Thursday. We have of recent years become accustomed to a period of unsettled weather in the latter half of July, and this year provided no exception. But, as has so often been the case, we were most fortunate in our choice of day, and were able to complete our programme of outdoor events without any interruption before quite a large crowd of visitors.

A very attractive display of Arts and Crafts work was on exhibition indoors and our visitors found much to interest them in inspecting the great variety of pupils' entries.

A novel feature was an exhibition in the Sixth Form classroom of a number of electronic devices, organised by the Head Boy, and these were a cause of considerable entertainment.

At the close of the afternoon the School paraded on the field, and the awards gained in Sports and Arts and Crafts competitions were kindly presented by Mrs. J. S. C. Wright.

RESULTS

(B—Brownies, J—Jackals, T—Tomtits)

* Indicates a new record.

OVER FIFTEEN

Boys

100 yards—1 Parker (T) and Danks (T), 3 Rouse (T), 4 Bailey (T). Time: 11.1 secs.
 220 yards—1 Parker (T), 2 Danks (T), 3 Rouse (T), 4 Finnemore (B). Time: 25.4 secs.
 440 yards—1 Rouse (T), 2 Danks (T), 3 Bailey (T), 4 Shakles (J). Time: 57.8 secs.
 880 yards—1 Finnemore (B), 2 Rouse (T), 3 Danks (T), 4 White (J). Time: 2 mins. 12.2 secs.*
 Mile—1 Rouse (T), 2 Finnemore (B), 3 White (J), 4 Langston (J). Time: 5 mins. 6.1 secs.

Hurdles—1 Rouse (T), 2 Finnemore (B), 3 Edmonds (T), 4 Danks (T). Time: 16.2 secs.
 Throwing the Discus—1 Pinfield (J), 2 Treadgold (T), 3 Parker (T), 4 Austin (T). Distance: 107ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
 Putting the Shot—1 Gill (J), 2 Lewis i (T), 3 Merris (B), 4 Parker (T). Distance: 34ft. 10ins.
 Long Jump—1 Parker (T), 2 Ross (T), 3 Danks (T), 4 Bennett i (B). Distance: 16ft. 11ins.
 High Jump—1 Ross (T), 2 Parker (T), 3 Rouse (T), 4 Pinfield (T) and Waring (J). Height: 4ft. 9ins.
 Throwing the Javelin—1 Pinfield (J), 2 Gill (J), 3 Sorrell (T), 4 Cooke (J). Distance: 111ft. 8ins.
 Cross-country—1 Finnemore (B), 2 Rouse (T), 3 Gill (J), 4 White (J). Time: 25 mins. 43 secs.

GIRLS

100 yards—1 J. Parton (J), 2 J. Burford (J), 3 C. Down (J), 4 E. Gregory (B). Time: 13 secs.
 220 yards—1 J. Burford (J), 2 E. Gregory (B), 3 C. Down (J), 4 J. Dugmore (B). Time: 29.7 secs.
 Hurdles—1 E. Gregory (B), 2 J. Burford (J), 3 A. Jones (J), 4 J. Dugmore (B). Time: 12.4 secs.
 High Jump—1 J. Burford (J), 2 C. Down (J), 3 B. Gee (J), 4 W. Davis (T). Height: 4ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
 Throwing the Rounders Ball—1 E. Gregory (B), 2 M. Scott (B), 3 S. Dyson (B), 4 M. Rogers (T). Distance: 190ft. 6ins.
 Long Jump—1 J. Burford (J), 2 J. Parton (J), 3 A. Jones (J), 4 S. Dyson (B). Distance: 15ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
 Throwing the Javelin—1 E. Gregory (B), 2 M. Scott (B), 3 S. Dyson (B), 4 J. Dugmore (B). Distance: 71ft. 11ins.*
 Throwing the Discus—1 C. Down (J), 2 J. Dugmore (B), 3 W. Yates (B), 4 L. Harper (T). Distance: 73ft.*

THIRTEEN—FIFTEEN

Boys

100 yards—1 Mills ii (J), 2 Cooper (T), 3 Lancaster (J), 3 Sheppard ii (T). Time: 11.5 secs.
 220 yards—1 Mills ii (J), 2 Cooper (T), 3 Lancaster (J), 4 Wheeler (B). Time: 27 secs.
 440 yards—1 Cooper (T), 2 Mills ii (J), 3 Lovell i (B). Time: 62.9 secs.
 880 yards—1 Mills ii (J), 2 Lovell i (B), 3 Chambers (J), 4 Lancaster (J). Time: 2 mins. 24.6 secs.
 Hurdles—1 Cooper (T), 2 Wheeler (B), 3 Fridman (B). Time: 13 secs.
 High Jump—1 Beale i (J), 2 Chambers (J), 3 Edwards i (B), 4 Wyatt (J). Height: 4ft. 7ins.
 Long Jump—1 Mills ii (J), 2 Wheeler (B), 3 Cooper (T), 4 Chambers (J). Distance: 15ft. 1in.
 Throwing the Javelin—1 Beale i (J), 2 Lovell i (B), 3 Wyatt (J), 4 Chambers (J). Distance: 112ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.
 Throwing the Discus—1 Wheeler (B), 2 Banfield (B), 3 Lancaster (J), 4 Bryan (B). Distance: 89ft. 3ins.*
 Putting the Shot—1 Beale i (J), 2 Mills ii (J), 3 Wheeler (B), 4 Lancaster (J). Distance: 31ft. 0in.
 Cross-country—1 Mills ii (J), 2 Lovell i (B), 3 Cooper (T), 4 Chambers (J). Time: 15 mins. 29 secs.

GIRLS

100 yards—1 G. Draycott (B), 2 M. Pope (T), 3 C. Smith (T), 4 E. Coveney (J). Time: 13.6 secs.
 150 yards—1 C. Forman (B), 2 G. Draycott (B), 3 M. Pope (T), 4 A. Lloyd (B). Time: 20.9 secs.
 High Jump—1 A. Lloyd (B), 2 C. Baylis (T), 3 J. Tallis (J), 4 E. Coveney (J). Height: 4ft.
 Long Jump—1 M. Pope (T), 2 B. Jones (B), 3 A. Lloyd (B), 4 G. Draycott (B). Distance: 13ft. 7ins.
 Throwing the Rounders Ball—1 J. Pirie (J), 2 E. Ison (J), 3 M. Wilks (B), 4 R. Wright (B). Distance: 159ft. 1in.
 Hurdles—1 B. Jones (B), 2 R. Wright (B). Time: 12.8 secs.
 Throwing the Discus—1 J. Pirie (J), 2 B. Jones (B), 3 W. Wright (B), 4 E. Ison (J). Distance: 62ft. 3ins.
 Throwing the Javelin—1 J. Pirie (J), 2 S. Ingram (B), 3 W. Wright (B), 4 C. Baylis (T). Distance: 73ft. 8ins.

UNDER THIRTEEN

Boys

100 yards—1 Wilkinson (T), 2 Handy iii (B), 3 Nield (B), 4 Timms (T). Time: 13.4 secs.
 220 yards—1 Wilkinson (T), 2 Handy iii (B), 3 Nield (B), 4 Smith (T). Time: 31.9 secs.

440 yards—1 Wilkinson (T), 2 Handy iii (B), 3 Brand (T), 4 Nield (B). Time: 71.4 secs.

High Jump—1 Brand (T), 2 Aulton (J) and Wimlett (J), 4 Nortcliffe (B). Height: 3ft. 8ins.

Long Jump—1 Handy iii (B), 2 Nield (B) and Braines (J), 4 Wilkes (B). Distance: 14ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins.*
Throwing the Cricket Ball—1 Lovell ii (J), 2 Tallis (B), 3 Wilkes (B), 4 Nield (B). Distance: 153ft. 2ins.

GIRLS

100 yards—1 I. Goward (J), 2 H. Clark (J), 3 P. Downing (B), 4 L. Smith (B). Time: 13.2 secs.*

150 yards—1 I. Goward (J), 2 H. Clark (J), 3 L. Smith (B), 4 P. Downing (B). Time: 20.3 secs.*

High Jump—1 I. Goward (J), 2 S. Pinder (B), 3 J. Duxbury (B), 4 L. Smith (B). Height: 3ft. 8ins.

Long Jump—1 I. Goward (J), 2 M. Parker (T), 3 P. Downing (B), 4 A. Bailey (J). Distance: 14ft. 9ins.*

Throwing the Rounders Ball—1 I. Goward (J), 2 M. Parker (T), 3 J. Duxbury (B), 4 P. Ison (J). Distance: 145ft. 4ins.

OTHER EVENTS

Relay (Boys) (24 x 110 yards)—1 Tomtits, 2 Jackals. Time: 5 mins. 48 secs.

Relay (Upper School Boys) (4 x 110 yards)—1 Tomtits, 2 Jackals. Time: 50.1 secs.*

Relay (Lower School Boys) (4 x 110 yards)—1 Tomtits, 2 Jackals. Time: 54 secs.*

Relay (Upper School Girls) (4 x 110 yards)—1 Jackals, 2 Brownies. Time: 58.2 secs.*

Relay (Lower School Girls) (4 x 110 yards)—1 Jackals, 2 Brownies. Time: 62.5 secs.*

Tug-of-War—1 Tomtits, 2 Brownies.

The following presentations were made:—

Victor Ludorum Cup—Rouse (30 points).

Victrix Ludorum Cup—J. Burford (32 points).

Junior Victrix Ludorum Cup—I. Goward (38 points).

Cross-country Cup (for winning side)—Brownies.

Cross-country Cup (for winner of senior event)—Finnemore.

Games Shield—Tomtits.

Tennis Cup—J. Holt.

Boys' Sports Cup—Tomtits.

Bronze Medals—Beale i. Danks, Wheeler, Lovell i, Christine Down, Barbara Jones, Margaret Pope.

Silver Medals—Finnemore, Parker, Rouse, Mills ii, Cooper, Wilkinson, Handy iii.

Jill Burford, Edwina Gregory, Jean Pirie, Irene Goward.

Sports Shield—Jackals (432 points). Brownies scored 382 points and Tomtits 334 points.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

The following awards were made in the Arts and Crafts competitions:—

Bronze Medals—Braines, Feast, Christine Down, Pamela Brookes, Pamela Finnemore.

Audrey East, Margaret Millward, Anita Bird, Handy ii, Muriel Harrison, Handy

iii, Julia Bailey, Hawthorne, Rosemary Folwell, Lewis, Jean Cooper, Lane.

Silver Medals—Mary Norden, Finnemore, Helen Jackson, Priscilla Apperley.

"Edith Deans" Memorial Trophy—Priscilla Apperley.

Arts and Crafts Shield—Brownies (3.149 points). Jackals scored 2.218 points and Tomtits 1.628 points.

DRESSMAKING

One wet and windy morning, after I had collected all the things I needed and had told everybody to keep well out of my way, I settled down to make a dress. I moved all the chairs out of the way and spread a large cloth on the floor and then put my material on top. I had just placed all the pieces of the pattern on the material, when Daddy came in quickly, and the draught from the door blew all the pieces over to the other side of the room. I shouted at him, and ran to rescue the pieces before they were ruined. Because there were no vacant places for him to stand or sit he went out and left me to start again.

This time I managed to pin on the pattern and cut the pieces out, before Mummy opened the door and told me I had to have the two cats, because they were getting in her way. This was a great mistake, as I

was soon to find out. First of all both of them, with dirty, wet paws, walked right across the material, making little muddy paw marks on all the paper patterns. I shouted at them and picked them up, throwing them onto the settee, and I told them to stay there. They did for a time, until I started sewing the material up, and then they began to play with the moving material, and with the cotton ends. By this time I had had enough of them, so I picked them up and put them outside, telling them to stay there.

After that I got on very well right up to the time when I had nearly finished, and I decided to try the dress on. Then, to my horror, I found that I had not left any opening and, as it was a slim dress, I could not get into it. I had had quite enough for one day, so I put it away to tackle another time.

ANN LLOYD (VA).

CHAMPIONSHIP CHALLENGE

Saintbury Hill is the scene of the All-England cycling championship. From the four corners of England had gathered all the crack cyclists to pit their strength against this hill. A week later I was there, and now it was my turn.

Could I, a mere boy of twelve, go where champions had gone and failed? There was the starting line. I passed the starting line and started the ascent up through the village, up on to the rough surface, where the road was steeper and the going harder. Slowly the banks crept past; now my legs were beginning to feel the strain. Would I have to give up? No, I would reach the top. Here came the last bend and the steepest part which had conquered many champions. Would it conquer me? No, never. On and on, up and up, and I crawled over the finishing line.

I had at least climbed the hill, whatever my time was! I may be there in a few years' time with a racing machine, competing with the champions.

C. R. NORTCLIFFE (IIA).

'FLU

I look out of the window
On a lovely afternoon;
I've just had my medicine—
I sipped it off the spoon.

Now I'm nearly better,
But you know what doctors are:
They order horrid medicine
And honey in a jar.

I wish I could get up,
But I'm not fit you see;
Doctor orders "Stay in bed,"
So I can't watch TV.

I look out of the window
On a lovely afternoon;
I wish I hadn't got the 'flu.
I hope I get up soon.

JANET SUMMERS (IA).

THE DAY I SANG IN ST. PAUL'S

I knew several months before the day that I was going to sing there, and from that day to the day I went I only practised the music twice.

I had to go by train from Stratford to Leamington, and change there for Paddington. Arriving at Paddington, I went down to the Underground and caught the tube to St. Paul's station, near to the Cathedral. Then I went to a Lyons teashop, where I had a very good dinner at the expense of the Churchwardens.

When it was time I went in with about three hundred other boys and practised time and time again. The echoes were marvellous, lasting for five to ten seconds. There were people walking around the Whispering Gallery, and sitting in the Cathedral hearing us practise. After one hour's practice we left the choir stalls and put our choir robes on. We were in the Crypt near Nelson's tomb. The "Vestry Prayers" were said and we all walked solemnly into our places. The Cathedral was now packed with people. The service lasted three-quarters of an hour, which went by very quickly.

After the service I had to hurry to catch a train to Paddington. Arriving there on time, I had a quick snack and then I caught the train to Leamington, and from there home to Stratford.

A. M. EDWARDS (III B).

HER LAST RACE

I have a pony whose name is Wendy. Her previous owner told me she used to pull the trap when he went to the local inn. She was quite old, even then, but people would bet a pint of ale on her age, and every time her owner would win. Often they would guess she was about four years younger than she really was.

One day at the inn they met the owner of the champion trotting pony of Worcestershire. They talked about their ponies, and Wendy's owner said, "I bet Wendy could beat your famous trotting pony," and the other one replied, "I bet Wendy couldn't." Anyway it was agreed that they should have a race. A pint of ale would be for the winner.

The champion set off first, pulling her trap. Wendy's owner let the other man and his pony have a good start, while he finished his pint. Then he got into Wendy's trap and off they started, too. They passed the other pony going up a hill, and then he let her rest at the top, waiting for the other pony to catch up. Once more he let them have a good start, then moved off again. They soon passed the others, and went on home.

That night at the inn Wendy's owner said to the other man, "You owe me a pint of ale." The reply was astonishing. "You owe me more than that—you owe me a new pony."

"What do you mean?" asked his companion.

The other man said, "Well, when we reached home, I unharnessed my pony to turn her out into the field, and she just simply dropped dead!"

SALLY BOLTON (II B).

THE INTRUDERS

Some weeks ago we had some unexpected visitors. They consisted of a family of swans, mother, father and their cygnet. They arrived one Monday morning, waddling up the next-door neighbour's path. The neighbour was trying to drive them away, but at the same time was giving them titbits because, being kind-hearted, she felt sorry for them. They then waddled across and settled themselves down for a nap on our back lawn.

My mother has often admired them sailing gracefully down the River Avon, but she did not feel quite so admiring when she tried to drive them off and they just flapped their wings and hissed. As it was washing day, mother had to postpone hanging the washing out until they condescended to take their leave and return to the river.

It appears that these swans have been trying to see as much of Alcester as possible, ending up by having their picture in the local paper.

DAWN DYSON (IVB).

THE SMITH FAMILY

People differ greatly in their facial expressions. When they laugh, cry, talk or shout, people screw up their faces in many different ways. The Smith family are an example of this.

Young John Smith, when crying for perhaps yet another sweet, will screw up his eyes and nose and open his mouth as wide as he possibly can and scream at the top of his voice. No doubt he will get another sweet, if only to quieten him.

His mother, when using the sewing machine, will hold little John entranced, showing it in her facial expression. With grim determination on her face she starts to sew. She grinds her teeth when the cotton runs out and almost cries when the needle breaks.

When Anne comes home from work, and later sits down to watch the television, many different expressions can be seen. When a dreamy waltz is being played Anne's face "collapses" and her mouth drops open. When a popular singer is on the screen, her face lights up and she is in ecstasy.

Meanwhile, father sits quietly until a football match comes on the television. Then everybody must be still. When his team scores a goal he smiles until his face "splits" into two, looking as delighted as if he had actually scored the goal himself.

YVONNE WESTWOOD (Vb).

NOVEMBER

Now the days are drawing in,
All the trees look bare and thin.
All the birds fly away,
As the leaves fall day by day.
Flowers we no longer see,
Nor the furry bumble bee.
The skies are always drab and grey.
The squirrel takes refuge in his drey.
For now we are in the month of November.
It's a very dull month which we all remember.

ROSEMARIE MILLS (IVB).

WALES INVADED

On Friday, 19th July, 1957, a nine o'clock rendezvous was arranged on the main Worcester road for three coaches complete with passengers. However, as will happen to the best-ordered timetables, the human element crept in, under the guise of two late coaches, one of which was delayed by several latecomers, and the other, due to the insistence of its driver, first of all to arrive late at the rendezvous and secondly to speed in the general direction of Arrow.

However, all the coaches having been recovered and the coach parties rearranged for the main part of the journey, the belated excursion started towards Leominster, stopping only for certain travellers who developed a sudden desire to unburden themselves of their breakfast.

After Leominster, where a short halt was made, the coaches proceeded in a more or less orderly fashion to the Elan Valley and in particular to the Claerwen Dam, via Kington, New Radnor and Rhyader.

This dam is one of six which all supply Birmingham with water. The scheme was started in 1893 and three dams were completed in 1907. The dam and reservoir which was of particular interest was the nearest one, Claerwen. This has about the same capacity as all the other dams combined, and not only is there an age difference between Claerwen and the rest of the dams, but there are differences structurally as well. Claerwen Dam is a curved structure, whereas all the other dams are built straight across to each side of the valley; the dam is also a concrete structure rather than masonry.

Having climbed up half a hillside of treacherously loose shale to view this vast structure, the party spread itself out over the dam top on the two opposing valley sides. Here, working on the assumption that an army travels on its stomach, large quantities of various kinds of food were consumed. The local inhabitants, sheep, which have apparently grown quite used to the storming of their fastnesses by large crowds of humans, were fed from not a few lunch-boxes, naturally without the permission of the owners of these boxes.

The army's stomach having been satisfied, and digestion being imperative, a descent to the coaches was clearly indicated. This was performed in various ways, including a few highly-amusing attempts at mountaineering.

When all had arrived at the coaches without sustaining even the most minor of injuries to their persons (except for one member of Staff who irrevocably injured his aids to better sight), the journey was continued, in search of an elusive place named Dyffryn Castell, the drivers assuring us that "it is only round the next corner." Needless to say, however, Dyffryn Castell was not found, though the whole party was given an excellent view of Plynlimmon when the coaches were driven round its base.

Having wasted half an hour's valuable time without Dyffryn Castell being reached, and because by now the tour was more than an hour

behind schedule, it was decided to turn round and continue the journey to the next stopping-place, Stokesay Castle.

This was taken well and truly by storm. Our guide first of all explained the various aspects of the castle, or rather fortified manor-house, and then proceeded to show us exactly what he had been talking about. Just before the party took its leave, a flag of surrender, albeit rather small and begrimed, was raised on the castle's flagstaff, and so we left the castle amid a feeling of contentment and the hissing of air brakes.

Ludlow was the next stopping place, for both historical and nutritional reasons: historical owing to the existence of Ludlow Castle, and nutritional because tea was taken at De Grey's Café.

The army again having replenished its food-store, and because night was hovering in the middle distance, an attempt to reach home was again made by the long-suffering coach-drivers, who at first seemed fated to drive forever round various Ludlovian back streets, like three miniature Flying Dutchmen. With only a halt at Clee Hill to allow the party to stretch its legs and relieve some of the boredom, little or nothing of interest occurred, due mainly to the presence of some long-suffering members of Staff. Home or near home was reached at not too late an hour, and a sad farewell was taken of the coaches and drivers who had made our journey possible.

I would like to thank, on behalf of the participants of this trip, the members of Staff who made the whole affair possible and who looked after their charges so well throughout the day, and also to extend a warm "thank you" to the three drivers who were so patient with us and who took such good and considerate care of us. D. B. JENKINS (VI).

MY BURGLAR AND I

Has your shop ever been broken into? And when you have interrupted the stealthy burglar has he hit you on the head? If so, you are extremely unlucky.

Yet I think that was my lucky day when that burglar entered our shop and stole the day's takings (a meagre £5) and a few cigarettes. As soon as I had recovered from his blow I stumbled across the room to the 'phone and dialled 999. Our constable soon arrived and took control, although he grumbled about being got out of bed.

It seems that there was an escaped prisoner in the county, and so of course the story got around that it was he who had broken into my shop. And this proved to be my lucky break, for everybody came to see the hero who had challenged the prisoner. To come into my shop, they had to pretend to want some wares, and so my trade doubled and trebled within two weeks.

To show my gratitude to this helpful burglar, I began to visit him in prison and now, ten years later, we have a small farm, deep in the country, that burglar and I.

R. E. DAY (IVa).

AN UNRULY ANIMAL

Some time ago, my young sister, aged six, decided that she wanted a pony. This was simply because the girl next door had one. Eventually, after much pestering of her parents, and much to the disgust of myself, she got one. It was a repulsive beast, with large grey eyes and a sullen mouth. Nobody knew its age, but it looked on its last legs. Its name was Peggy.

We had quite a nice stable rigged out for her; but it was a waste of time, for nothing on earth could make her put a foot inside it all the time we had her. So we had to keep her in our orchard, with a strong wooden fence round it. The fence, however, made no difference, as she had the knack of kicking it down and escaping whenever she felt like it.

One day, an unfortunate accident occurred. Peggy had been making an awful mess of the orchard, and the weather was very wet. We decided that, at all costs, Peggy must be put in her stable. In theory, this was easy; in practice, almost impossible. We all tried to catch her, but she defeated all our efforts. Then a friend of ours came along. He was rather boastful, and told us to watch him and see how easy it was. He went over to Peggy, and tried to take hold of her calmly. Peggy backed away. He tried again. Peggy did the same thing. Resolving not to be beaten, our friend made a spectacular dive to grab hold of her mane. She jerked her head back just in the nick of time, and bit his shoulder as he passed. As he lay on the ground, cursing, Peggy saw her chance. She turned round and kicked him hard in the seat of his trousers. We went over to him, and were glad to find that he was not seriously hurt, although a visit to the doctor was necessary.

This event forced us to leave Peggy alone for the rest of that day and, as she was getting too much out of hand, it was decided that she should be sold. Much as my sister disliked the prospect, it was agreed upon, and a few weeks later she was sold. I, for one, was glad to see the last of her.

D. BOWIE (IVB).

BONFIRE NIGHT

With rockets soaring very high
Into the dark and starry sky,
With spin wheels spinning gaily round,
And bangers banging on the ground,

The bonfire flames are clear and bright,
Leaping up into the night.
The shiny stars look down and say,
"Whatever's going on to-day?"

KATHARINE STRASSER (IA).

THE INCOMPLETE ANGLERS

"Get the gear," said daddy,
"To the Cotswolds we are going,
Where the Thames and Windrush
Are clear and free-flowing."
So out come the rods, reels, nets and waders.
Then off through Bidford, Stow-on-the-Wold and Burford,
Then on through Witney. We can hardly wait.
At last we are there, and have forgotten the bait!"

R. COOK (IB).

THE DREAM

"Ten 'Friskies' to be won." That is what it said in our daily paper one day. When my father saw this, he said, "Let's keep the cuttings and see if we can win one."

That is how our dream began. We were going to win a small car for only threepence. These ten small cars were the prizes for putting the pictures of babies with captions beneath them in the correct order. For two weeks the babies made their appearance. My little sister Janet cut out the pictures every night and stored them away, making sure they were all safe.

The last day came, and my sister forgot to cut out the entry form. We discovered this on the next day, which was Sunday, and as the newspaper was nowhere to be seen we thought my father had lit the fire with it. But luck was with us, and on Monday there was another entry form in the newspaper. This was cut out but, alas, forgotten. It was Wednesday when it was remembered, and the closing day for entry was Thursday. We filled in the form, but were too late to buy a postal order. My little sister said, "Put *'In a hurry'* on the envelope when you send it." We did not take this advice.

Although we did find the first entry form and had filled in the second one, our "Frisky" is still very much a dream.

ELIZABETH SMITH (VA).

THE MUMBLES ELECTRIC RAILWAY

The Mumbles Electric Railway runs from Swansea to Mumbles. The train could not look less like a train, for it is more like a trolley bus.

The journey starts by the side of the road just outside Swansea's "ordinary" station. For some distance it runs along against a tall, brick wall, with the stations on this part of the route little more than names painted on the wall. The people wanting to get on the train have to wait on the pavement on the opposite side of the road. Not long ago, a van got crushed between this brick wall and the train. The driver was trapped in his driving cab for many hours.

On the next part of the route the track runs straight in front of the doors of the houses.

For the last stage of the journey the track leaves the road and travels along the coast of Swansea Bay. In very rough weather the waves must wash up on to the lines. On this stretch of track, the stations begin to look more like stations, and it is on this part that the train picks up speed.

There are two parts to the train, and when it is speeding along it seems odd to look at the coach in front (or behind) and see it leaning to one side of the track while the coach you are in is leaning in the opposite direction! I shouldn't have liked being on the top deck. This journey does not last for long, however, and soon the train draws into Mumbles station. The station is not far from the lighthouse, on a little island, and the pier.

MARGARET POPE (IIIA).

THE VISITOR

One night at about eight o'clock I heard a queer scuffling sound outside the back door. I let Otto, my dog, out so that he could find the cause of the noise. I heard Otto snuffling about on the lawn. Then suddenly he started to bark very excitedly and began worrying something by the fence. I approached Otto, shining a torch on him as I went. Then I discovered that the cause of the trouble was a hedgehog, which was probably living near to our house. The dog's shrill barking had caused him to curl up. I rushed inside and fetched a saucer of milk, and placed it by the hedgehog. Then I stood and watched him very quietly. He slowly uncurled and, thinking there was no one there, jumped up with a grunt and began noisily drinking his milk.

Now the hedgehog has been coming regularly every night for his milk. But one night when I was coming home from Girl Guides I knocked into him in the darkness and kicked him on to the back doorstep. After that he stopped coming for a time, but he returned once or twice after that. However, lately we have seen no more of him, and I think he must be hibernating.

CAROLINE ORAM (IIA).

SILENCE

Silence is the opposite of noise. It is abstinence from talking, and some people consider it to be golden, though I cannot see why. There are different kinds of silence. For example: a strained silence, an unnatural silence, and a peaceful silence. Personally, I much prefer noise; it is so much more sociable.

Of course, there are times when one needs silence, at least enough silence to allow oneself to think, such as when one is trying to read a book or doing some kinds of homework.

Complete silence is very difficult, in fact practically impossible, to find; except, of course, in parts of the desert. But in most places there is always a noise of some kind, if it is only people breathing, or pens scratching. So when a person asks for silence, they really mean "Please be a little less noisy." However, I do not think such a request would be answered, so perhaps it is as well that we often do not say what we mean.

Complete silence is then an unattainable state, but who cares? Think of what you would miss if there was only silence.

SHEILA SHEPPARD (IVA).

A TALE OF A FISH

One Saturday afternoon my brother came home very pleased with himself, as he had just caught quite a large fish. Then, warning me not to touch it, he very carefully put it on the stool under the sink, and went out to play.

Just a few moments after, my friend came to see if I would go into town with her. I grabbed my coat and we went out to catch the next bus.

When I got back I went straight into the kitchen to see how the fish was getting on. When I got there it had disappeared, and so I went off to see if my brother had taken it. You can imagine my surprise when he said he had not. All that evening my brother and I spent our time looking for clues. At last, whilst mummy was shaking the dog's blanket, what should fall out but the fish's tail? It seems to me that our dog had a good feed. When I told my brother, I expected him to be furious, but instead he just laughed and said, "I hope he enjoyed it as much as I should have done," and ran out to play. WENDY BLAKE (II^B).

COLLECTIVE NOUNS DULL?

Sometimes things which sound dull become interesting after being examined. Take collective nouns, for instance.

A "pride" of lions immediately presents a picture of the lions, walking in single file, with their heads held high. A "school" of porpoises creates the impression of sleek, uniformed porpoises swimming neatly together. The horse's collective name is a "string," and you can imagine the horses walking head to tail in a long line. What a noisy impression a "gaggle" of geese makes! In contrast we have a sly, cunning "skulk" of foxes.

Birds have some lovely collective names, a good example of this being a "murmuration" of starlings. A "charm" of goldfinches presents a wonderful picture, and an "exaltation" of skylarks is glorious. In a "watch" of nightingales there is a beautiful picture of the birds keeping watch through the night.

Of course, there are many more collective nouns, but I hope I have convinced you that they are not at all dull. LINDA SAVAGE (III^A).

SIXTH FORM NOTES

This year's Sixth Form is larger than that of last year, comprising twenty-eight members, of whom the majority are artists.

Of the new members of the Sixth, it was the artists who first fathomed out the way to force the wireless to emit intelligible sounds, and one artist found that if the aerial was attached to the water pipe not only was the reception clearer, but *two* programmes could be obtained at once.

The form this term has had two unexpected additions. They caused a stir in the Lower School, the effects of which may still be seen.

Energetic Sixth Formers who have distinguished themselves in School teams are: *Netball*, Janet Bullock and Jill Burford; *Hockey*, Janet Bullock, Jill Burford, Mary Norden and Josephine Holt; *Football*, 1st XI, Bailey, Rouse, Jones and Cotter.

The Sixth has had a marked liking for fresh air, which has resulted in windows being almost permanently open, and those who preferred a steamy atmosphere soon learned to accept their perpetual discomfort.

The title "Lady of the Manor" conferred on deserving Sixth Formers has recently changed owners, though the new owner professes reluctance to accept the honour.

During the recent 'flu epidemic the numbers of the Sixth Form were reduced to eleven. These survivors were sadly overworked.

An appendage to the clothing of a male member of the form was found suspended from the ceiling one afternoon. The owner is still at a loss to know by what means it arrived there.

Those Sixth Formers who had intended to be present at the Student Christian Movement conference in Redditch could not attend as it was cancelled owing to Asian 'flu.

One girl in the form has been seen to be very earnest during the whole of this term, and became very hot and bothered in the canteen. We all sympathise with her in her affliction.

To the annoyance of the Lower School, the newly-appointed Prefects have assiduously performed their duties this term.

From these notes it might be surmised that no work has been attempted this term. This, however, is not the case, as visions of examinations hang over the heads of even the Lower Sixth. Enjoyment is, nevertheless, crammed into the mountain of work somehow.

ALISON JONES and M. BAILEY.

OLLA PODRIDA

Pyramus used to meet her, writes C.D., at old Nelly's tomb.

* * * *

White corpuscles, according to J.E., have two feet which help them along in the blood.

* * * *

The terrier of death was on his face, states A.H., and his mussels were tense.

* * * *

N.R. informs us that eventually the fire was doubted.

* * * *

For greater cleanliness and sanity, says M.B., steel is used to make many household utensils.

* * * *

One type of protective headgear is the crash helmet which, on the authority of R.M., is worn on motor bikes padded to protect the head.

* * * *

They were surrounded by mist in a rowing boat.

* * * *

We read about this, writes R.B., in the "Merchant of Venus."

EXCAVATING IN ALCESTER

Last year archaeologists were excavating in a field down Birch Abbey, but they only found some flagstones and some pottery. I asked them what they expected to find, and they told me that they were looking for the Roman defences of Alcester.

About a month to two months later they uncovered an old Roman well which had two human skulls and some bones in it.

In July they started digging in the gardens of some old unoccupied

houses in Bleachfield Street. They found some pottery and what they thought was an old Roman drain which was about eight feet down.

My younger brother decided to dig a hole in our garden. A little while later I decided to dig, too. About a week later we dug another pit and joined them all together. We found about a hundred pieces of pottery and some flagstones.

The archaeologists have now taken over, and have found some more flagstones with a gully going through them, and a hole in which there must have been a post. They have found seven pieces of Samian ware that fit together.

A. GRAHAM (IB).

THE ANCIENT PREFECT

(With apologies to S. T. Coleridge)

It is an ancient prefect
That stoppeth all us three.
"By your long black scarf and
tasselled cap,
Now wherefore stoppest we?"

"The old school doors are open wide,
And we are going in;
The school is met, the staff are here,
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds us with a powerful hand,
The three of us stood still;
And listen like a group of fools.
The prefect has his will.

The three of us we follow him,
We cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient pre
To whom we are so dear.

The room is cleared, the room is
cleared,
Sadly did we drop;
Below the books, below the chair,
Below the desk's flat top.

Pages, pages everywhere,
And all of us were pink.
Pages, pages everywhere,
Nor any drop of ink.

Down dropped our pens, our pens
dropped down.
"Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the pre.

We went like those who had been
stunned.
And are of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser three,
To wake on Monday morn.

KATHLEEN H. HARTWELL (IIIB).

OXFORD EXAMINATIONS FOR GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

The results of the examinations held in June-July, 1957, were as follow :—

Upper Sixth

ALL ADVANCED LEVEL

M. P. Finnemore, *Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics (with distinction), Physics*.

R. C. Lewis, *English Literature, History, Geography*.

B. R. Merris, *Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics*.

R. B. Parker, *Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics*.

N. J. Pinfield, *Chemistry, Biology*.

*D. E. Sale, *English Literature, Latin (with distinction), French*.

A. J. Treadgold, *Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics, Physics*.

P. A. Apperley, *History, Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics*.

B. A. Freeman, *English Literature, Latin, History*.

M. J. Harrison, *Pure Mathematics, Applied Mathematics*.

M. C. James, *English Literature, History*.

M. B. Lowe, *English Literature, Biology*.

* Awarded State Scholarship.

ORDINARY LEVEL

(Abbreviations: el, English Language; E, English Literature; L, Latin; F, French; H, History; G, Geography; A, Art; M, Mathematics; am, Additional Mathematics; P, Physics; Ch, Chemistry; cp, Chemistry with Physics; B, Biology, gs, General Science; hb, Human Biology and Hygiene; W, Woodwork; Co, Cookery; N, Needlework.)

Lower Sixth

M. J. Rouse, am.

D. Sheppard, B.

J. D. Burford, am.

J. Cowper, F.

J. A. Harvey, Ch.

M. Bailey, el, E, F, G, M, P, Ch, B.

D. P. H. Cotter, E, M, P, Ch, B.

P. E. Dale, el, E, L, F, G, M, P, Ch.

G. G. Downie, el, E, L, F, A, M, P, Ch.

P. M. Gill, el, E, F, H, G, M, P, B.

R. F. Hartill, el, G.

G. J. Herbert, el, F, G, M, Ch.

D. B. Jenkins, el, E, L, F, G, M, Ch.

G. W. Sorrell, el, E, F, H, G, M, Ch, B.

D. Waring, el, M, P, Ch, W.

D. W. Wilshaw, el, F, H, M, P, Ch, B.

A. M. Bird, el, E, L, F, A, M, Ch, B.

R. J. Bluck, E, H, Co.

P. Burdett, el, E, F.

M. P. Norden, M, B, N.

A. Taylor, hb.

M. P. Thomas, hb.

S. Wiles, am.

Form V.a

J. L. Chatwin, el, E, F, H, A, M, Co.

C. Down, el, E, H, M, Ch, B.

K. M. Edwards, el, E, L, F, M, N.

J. Holt, el, E, H, Ch, B.

A. C. W. Jones, el, E, L, F, H, A, M.

P. M. Latham, el, E, L, F, H, M, Ch, B.

M. Manning, el, E, H, A, M, Co.

N. E. Pinfield, el, E, H, N.

S. R. Poolton, el, E, L, F, H, M, Ch.

D. M. E. Roberts, el, E, L, F, H, A.

M. Scott, E, H, A.

J. A. Steatham, el, A, Co.

M. B. Sutor, el, E, H, N.

J. J. Weaver, el, E, L, F, M, Ch.

S. J. Woodhouse, el, E, F, H, G, M, B, N.

Form V.b

B. J. White, M.

P. Cund, el.

D. I. Day, el, E, H, G, A, M.

J. M. Dugmore, el, E, F, M, Ch, Co.

A. East, el.

L. Gray, E, H, M, Co.

N. F. Hemming, el, E, F, M, Ch.

D. J. Hodgetts, el, E, Co.

M. J. Micklewright, Co.

W. A. Morton, A, Co.

H. Pardoe, E, M, Co, N.

E. Stewart, E, A, Co.

R. J. Taylor, A.

D. R. Austin, el, E.

M. A. Batchelor, M, W.

S. J. Bennett, E, M.

V. E. Beston, E, H.

K. V. Cox, el, M.

R. P. Dyson, el, E.

T. A. Edmonds, H, M.

P. J. Feast, el, A, M, P.

S. A. Langston, E, H, A.

J. B. Lewis, el.

B. W. Mills, el, E, M.

F. A. Morrall, el, G, M, cp.

R. P. Savage, el, M.

C. D. Spalding, G, M.

THE COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY

Secretary : Wendy Wright. *Treasurer* : Valerie Dobson.

Committee :

J. Parton, W. Yates, J. Pirie, C. Smith, J. Duxbury.

Both Senior and Junior Country Dance Societies have again been in demand, and both societies have thirty-two members. Miss Dakin has kindly taken over the Junior Society, and Miss Hewitt continues to run the Senior one.

At the end of term we hope to hold our customary country dance parties, one for the Seniors from the Third Forms upwards and one for members of the First and Second Forms. We hope a good number of boys and girls will attend.

WENDY WRIGHT.

THE LOCAL SURVEY GROUP

The Group has been very active during its first term of existence. Already a map showing the distribution of the School's population is nearing completion, while the meteorological section is busy setting up a weather station.

Future projects include the survey of local geology, agriculture and industries.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President : Sale. *Secretary* : S. M. Wiles.

Social Secretary : A. Jones.

This term we welcome Miss Baird as our new organiser. We hope that she will be very happy with us.

At the end of last term we said goodbye to many of our members, but this term we have been pleased to welcome several new members.

Our Friday afternoon activities have been confined to play-reading. This has been slightly hindered by the 'flu epidemic, but we have been able to read several plays. As yet, we have been unable to find a suitable play to produce before the School, but hope to do so in the near future.

SHEILA M. WILES.

THE FIELD CLUB

This year the Club has been sub-divided into a number of sections, with a view to compiling a quantity of detailed information about the natural history of the local area. The mammalian study members are busy studying the skeletons of various mammals with a view to supplementing our collection. The plant study members form the largest group, and a study of the "fairy rings" in the School playing fields has been started.

Working in conjunction with the plant study members are a number of boys who are studying the agriculture of the area.

D. SHEPPARD.

THE CHESS CLUB

Secretary : Chambers.

Treasurer : Latham.

This term there are twenty-one members. Nearly all the seniors have left us, but there are some promising second-year boys. Games are played with great enthusiasm, and there is a room for keen members at dinner break.

Last year the knock-out competition was unfinished owing to sports heats. The league was won by Thornton, followed by Bailey and Sheppard.

Each member now pays a shilling subscription each term instead of paying a penny each week. Not many games have been played yet in the ladder, but in the league Chambers, Nield and Wyatt are leading.

D. CHAMBERS.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

We have continued a full programme this term, although we have lost the services of Mr. Petherbridge.

As we have five new members, we are first trying to cover the basic sections of photography. We have obtained promising results.

M. J. ROUSE.

SCOUTS

We would like to welcome as our new Scoutmaster Mr. Seed, also Mr. McAlister, who is giving Tenderfoot instruction to the new Scouts.

The Troop has grown considerably this term, and we now have thirty-one members, eighteen of them having joined this term. Due to this increase in members we now have five patrols: Tiger, Jaguar, Panther, Buffalo and Falcon. Three Scouts have been promoted to the rank of Patrol Leader: Meddins, Spooner and Edwards.

The older members of the Troop are being trained for their Second Class tests. We hope that before the end of the term all the new members will have gained their "Tenderfoot."

T. W. BANFIELD.

FOOTBALL

1st XI Captain : Rouse. *Under 15 Captain* : Chambers.

The loss of some of the most experienced players from last year's side has been felt considerably in the First XI. Of the five games played, three have been lost and two drawn.

The Under 15 XI has also yet to win a game, having lost the four games so far played.

Both teams hope to improve their records as they gain experience, although some of the stronger sides have yet to be played.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI *v.* Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st XI (away), drawn, 1—1.
" " v. Worcester T.H.S. (away), lost, 0—2.
" " v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), drawn, 2—2.
" " v. Evesham P.H.G.S. 1st XI (home), lost, 2—3.
" " v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 1—4.

A.G.S. Under 15 XI *v.* Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost, 3—6.
" " v. Lodge Farm S.M.S. (home), lost, 1—3.
" " v. Worcester T.H.S. (away), lost, 0—6.
" " v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost, 1—9.

M. J. ROUSE, *Hon. Secretary.*

HOCKEY

Practices have been held during Monday and Friday dinner hours, and after School on Thursdays. Again we have lost a number of our last season's players, as they have left School. We have not been successful in winning so far, but we are hoping that we shall have some victories before long. The play has improved with practice and has speeded up considerably.

We must congratulate Jill Burford, who has been chosen to play for the West Midlands Junior 1st XI.

The 1st XI has been represented by I. Goward, R. Patterson, C. Baylis, J. Bullock, M. Norden, G. Clews, B. Jones, J. Holt, M. Wilkes, W. Wright, M. Millward and J. Burford.

The 2nd XI has been represented by J. Moore, K. Hartwell, P. Ison, R. Wright, J. Pirie, E. Ison, G. Draycott, S. Ingram, V. Prokain, M. Millward, E. Coveney, M. Hemming, M. Jordan and D. Smith.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st XI *v.* Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost, 0—6.
" " v. Studley College (home), lost, 3—7.
" " v. Stourbridge C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—3.

A.G.S. 2nd XI *v.* Stourbridge C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—8.

MARY NORDEN.

NETBALL

Captain : J. Burford.

Games Secretary : J. Bullock.

This term, practices have been held during Tuesday and Thursday dinner-hours. They have been attended enthusiastically and the standard of play has improved considerably.

We have played only one match this term. This was against Studley College, whom we defeated by a good margin.

The 1st VII was represented by B. Jones, J. Pirie, M. Millward, C. Baylis, M. Wilks, W. Wright and J. Burford.

RESULT

A.G.S. 1st VII *v.* Studley College (away), won, 19—6.

JILL BURFORD.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following details complete the record of Summer Term games :

CRICKET

A.G.S. 1st XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), lost, 57—58 for 4.
 .. v. Hanley Castle G.S. (away), drawn, 43 for 8 dec.—23 for 8.
 .. v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), drawn, 21 for 2—56 for 6 dec.
 .. v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 88—90 for 7.

SIDES: Jackals 82, Tomtits 22 for 7; Jackals 51, Brownies 25; Tomtits 48 for 8 dec., Brownies 22.

SIDES (Junior): Jackals 61, Tomtits 61; Jackals 58 for 3, Brownies 57; Tomtits 34 for 2, Brownies 32.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
A.G.S. 1st XI	7	1	3	3

Colours were awarded to Merris and Rouse.

TENNIS

A.G.S. 1st VI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), won, 6—3.
 .. v. Leamington College (away), won, 5—4.

SIDES: Tomtits 5, Brownies 4; Tomtits 7, Jackals 1; Brownies 7, Jackals 2.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Lost
A.G.S. 1st VI	8	4	4

Colours were awarded to Josephine Holt.

ROUNDERNS

A.G.S. 1st IX v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), lost, 2—10.
 A.G.S. Under 15 IX v. Leamington College (away), lost, 1—5.
 SIDES: Tomtits $\frac{1}{2}$, Brownies 0; Tomtits $3\frac{1}{2}$, Jackals $2\frac{1}{2}$; Brownies $7\frac{1}{2}$, Jackals $\frac{1}{2}$.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
A.G.S. 1st IX	6	4	—	2
A.G.S. 2nd IX	3	—	—	3
A.G.S. Under 15 IX	2	1	—	1

Colours were awarded to Edwina Gregory and Christine Down.

LATE NEWS**Birth**

On September 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Stanley (née Eileen Lawrence), a son.

Deaths

On September 22nd, Maisie Barber (née Johnson) (scholar 1912-1919).

We learn with regret that Mr. J. Gibbons, who was a member of the Staff from 1912 to 1919, died suddenly on November 22nd.

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